

The Glow-worm.

But this is sure—the hand of night,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.
Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveler, as he went,
Be careful where he trod;
Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.
Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
"The power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain."
Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendor, too.

—Conquer.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MISS ROSE PORTER.

"Forgive, for 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called
Forgiveness;
Knowest thou Him who forgave with the crown
of thorns round His temples?"

Ah! thou confesses His name: so follow like
wise His example."

They were young people just starting
in life—Edward Dale and his wife Mary;
—their home one of the snugest little
nests in the populous town of W—.
Half modern, half quaint in its odd
combination of easy-chairs and lounges
and book-laden tables, with here and
there a high-back chair and settee that
had belonged to a bygone generation.

Mrs. Dale was indefatigable in her
search for "relics." She came of a good
old New England family; so by the
right of inheritance, her taste for these
"bits of the past" was quite warranted.

But, though she was well satisfied
with her possessions, one desire she had
unfulfilled. "An old clock!—a veritable
old clock that counted time for our fore-
fathers. Oh! how I want one," the
bright little woman would say, as she
pointed out to her smiling husband the
very alcove that seemed made for a tall,
great round friendly-faced clock; and
then, its loud tick, "Mary Dale was wont
to add, 'would be such company in the
house, when you are away, Edward,' and
caressingly she pleaded: "Do let us
buy a dear, old clock to ring in for us the
hours that are making up these happy
days of our lives;" and gaily the young
wife repeated:

"O precious hours, O golden prime,
And influence of love and time,
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told."

And, happy little woman, she never
thought, those days, of the afterpart
of the poet's song. Well, it was better so,
—better, that in the morning of life, as
in the morning of the day, sunshine
should rule.

It was after one of these talks that
Edward Dale told his wife, if, for a mod-
erate sum, she could find an old clock,
she might make the purchase without
consulting him. Thus it happened, be-
fore noon of the following day, Mrs.
Dale's graceful little figure was flitting in
and out like a bird from furniture ware-
houses and second-hand dealers.

Isaac Prindle was the last place she
sought, a dingy-shop, crowded with a
motley collection of valuable and value-
less articles; and lo! in the darkest of all
dark corners, covered with dust, festooned
with cobwebs, half hidden by a huge
chest of drawers, Mrs. Dale spied the
coveted possession.

"Old! Yes, I reckon it's been a count-
ing time well nigh a hundred years,"
Isaac replied, to Mrs. Dale's eager in-
quiry: "Is it very old; and do you know
its history?" adding: "There be a histo-
ry, that's a fact. That 'er timepiece be
old; ye see, I come by it in this fash-
ion: When old Squire Ritter's house was
pulled down, a couple of years back, said
the Squire's son,—him that's Squire now
—says he to me, 'There's lots of rubbish
stowed away in the garret, I reckon;
take it, Isaac, for what it will fetch.'
He never had no notion, the Squire's son,
to enter that old mansion. Ye see,
there was trouble when he went out of
it,—sore trouble. The story was jest
this: the Squire's son was a headstrong
lad, and high words was them that passed
atwixt the Squire and him, high words
and bitter, with which they parted,
never to meet agin in this world.
Folks do say, the Squire and the Squire's
wife forgave the lad, and there was some
talk of a letter that was writ a-biddin'
him come home, and let bygones be by-
gones, but never a word of such a letter
did the lad receive, accordin' to his own
account; and never did he put foot in
that 'er house, never in this 'er town, for
that matter, till the old Squire and his
good woman had been sleeping in the
gravoyard for more than thirty years;
and then, the present Squire,—he that
was young and gay as a lark when, last
the townsfolk see him,—came back all of
a sudden; and though that was a dozen
years ago, his hair was as gray, his step
as slow; and the whole look of the man
as ye see it now," and old Isaac paused

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1876.

NUMBER 48.

My Old Diary.

So I am "most too stylish for an old
maid." Well, Miss, you are too loud for
the street, and if you intended me to
hear you, you are a shocking example of
esthetical waste in raw material. For
you are pretty, and where's the need of
painting a cabbage like a rose. God
don't in the vegetable world; why their
prototypes in the animal?

An "old maid at twenty-seven!" Not
a young one certainly. The dust on my
mirror testifies against my neatness,
as well as anxiety over fading charms,
and I feel no temptation toward
"prunes and prisms," either in counte-
nance or conduct.

I can't pretend to any "poet's dream"
levelness, (unless Bacchus was the
usher of said dream, which my red nose
and eyes suggest,) yet spinsterism lurks
not in angles and vinegared creases, as I
can see. Guess such a one, however, is
usually found in stories.

My heart can't be a "withered husk,"
or I—there! I'll not shed another tear
over those few, foolish words. Am glad
I need not confess this little annoyance
I feel at being thought Jack-less from
necessity, for I am ashamed of it. I
guess every one likes to retain their high-
est valuation, however.

Perhaps I'd better flirt with some of
these boys, or lasso some old widower's
second growth of affections; any wisp of
manhood would be handy to keep me up
on the current of eligibility.

Every one would call me an idiot, if I
told Aunt Martha, when next she comes
for her "dhrap o' tay," to tell my dear
five hundred that I did once have an
offer, but it would be not less delicate, and
more frank, than confidentially telling
Susan and Jane Tattlebox of my affairs,
secretly hoping they will enlighten others.
Many do this.

I cannot carry my heart on my tongue's
end. Maybe after I have been here
longer, some one will reveal an attrac-
tion for myself to which I can respond.

I hope so, but I can't seek it even to
convince people that I am not "stuck up."
If I only had a sister, or mother had
lived, I might have understood woman-
kind better, and they me.

Oh! my journal! You embalm so
many emotions, so many passions and
hopes, that 'tis like raising a stone from
the dead to open your lids. I now can
read words, that when written weighed
heavily with pain, without a nerve quiv-
ering, except through sympathy for the
girl I once was. Thank God that my
heart is still throbbing with love, and
thank Him that it was forced to spring
from the white ashes of disappointment,
for I know its real worth by comparison
with the first puny growth.

Nip down first shoots and the new
stalk, if life is left, will become the
more sturdy. Half past nine, I'll read
a while.

June 4, 187—. At last Will has
spoken the words I so longed, yet dreaded,
to hear. How solemnly sweet it seems
to recall the tone and look with which he
said, "Will you be my dear wife?"

Last night, an hour earlier than now,
he told his love. We stood at the gate,
and I, little simpleton, said not a word,
but almost vaguely clutched his hand,
then with eager feet ran to my room to
cry over my newly-born joy.

I knelt, and asked if I loved him
enough. At once came the inquiry,
"Can you give him up?" The bare sug-
gestion decided me, and praying God to
bless us, I retired to dream of my Eden.

I have been soberly happy all day. I
want to be sure that no fickle emotions
bias judgment. But it seems so good
to have this perfect understanding be-
tween us, so good to love him openly, so
good to cease watching every word and
look lest he steal my secret, that I cannot
be deceiving myself.

An hour ago I gave him his answer,
and he left me with such an importance
in his presence, that I laughed through
tears. Dear boy! May you ever prize
me as highly as you now do the ideal you
have endowed with my name. God
help me to be a true wife.

Jan. 8, I am vexed. I could pull
Will's ears and then not vent all my
tempor, for I am ill at ease as well as
ugly.

What right has a person to 'carelessly
belittle himself in the eyes of another,
just because that other is bound to wink
at all faults? I'll write down my

trouble and then read it over, and maybe
I can scold myself too. I hope so, for a
doubt of my own rightfulness might re-
instate Will in his old place in my es-
timation. I know I love him. I do not
need to assure myself of this I hope.
I am sorry the assurance quiets me, for
I must need it.

I have just returned from a ride and
supper, with Will as escort; and am
angry because the boys laughed the
whole time at poor Hardie, and Will to
blame for it. Well, there! I can't ex-
cuse him, and will not try. He did act
shamelessly.

I found out that Will invited H. to
join the party a week before the time ap-
pointed, and asked him what lady he
would drive with.

Hardie said, "Miss L—."
"Oh, by all means, do," said Will.
Then he posted off, and with his cronies
contrived a plan to prevent Hardie's see-
ing me, until the evening before the day
fixed upon.

(Oh, boy! if I'd known at the time
what those walks and rides meant, you'd
have had a dish of sulks to digest.) Of
course I had to refuse him. Then Fred
B— condescended, and urged him to drive
with him in his (Fred's) cutter "just for
oddity." At supper they showed their
meanness and manners by hinting at the
cause of H.'s sober face, teasing him
about his slow gait and slower speech,
"even when a lady fair was in view."
(He is slow and awkward, so it was a
ridicule of personal defects too.) His
confusion made it painful to me, but not
until they insinuated that his delay was
intended as an insult to me, and I saw
the surprise and angry pain with which
he met it, did I interfere, by giving him
my attentive presence and slighting the
others.

Coming home, Will explained the af-
fair, and—well—we approached a quar-
rel. I told him I should thank H. again
for the compliment his invitation gave
me, and his mortification because of it
added only to my appreciation of it.

Will said, "Hardie is a sheep, and
you ought to commend me for tickling
his courage, or the place where it should
be."

Here a little by-play both amused and
mortified me. "Old Dolly" stumbled,
and, to recover herself, jumped and
started upon a brisk trot. Will thought
the horse was frightened, and actually
let loose of the reins, threw back the
robe and prepared to jump. Poor boy!

I thought, you drew too heavily on your
stock of courage to strengthen your
friends, but said not a word, as he looked
slightly conscious a moment afterward.

Now I must court Hardie's friendship,
lest he should think I was in the mean
little plot. No one is perfect, but I am
too angry to find consolation in that or in
writing.

Oct. 12. Months have passed since
last I wrote. The days—waves of Time's
sea—have rolled up, leaving wrecks all
about me. O, my Father! help me to
calmly look them over, cover some with
charity, lay others as a healing bitterness
to my soul, and others help to bury.

How I have suffered since the ride
which threw Hardie upon my sympathies.
Will—my poor boy—I know your heart
will ache, loving me as well as you can,
but vanity will help you to forget. If
I felt guiltless, I'd bear the trouble so
much more bravely. I have not sinned
willfully.

I cannot resist this tenderness toward
you, Will, but I cannot, no I cannot
marry you. It would be a greater wrong
than being untrue, for I should cheat you
out of love. Now, you will find heal-
ing and in time a fair healer.

Must I review the past, give my trials
a hearing, and doubt over my verdict?
During the winter, while H. boarded
at Aunt's, I met him often, and from re-
garding his peculiarities with dislike, I
came to give them my warmest admi-
ration, as proofs of a great, tender, true
heart. His stinginess, in wearing patched
clothes when getting a good salary, when
understood, became a shining virtue.

At home, up among the hills of Maine,
he has a drinking father, a frail mother,
and little brothers and sisters. Spend-
ing money and new overcoats for the
"big brother," means to them, scantier
clothes, no school or books, and fewer
home comforts. Tears came when he
told me that his last gift to them gave
him little comfort, because his dear moth-
er suffered so in accepting aid from her

boy, who needed for advancement in his
chosen profession and student's comforts,
every cent spent upon them.

"The latter I do without cheerfully,"
he said, "and now I must send money,
and not visit them in vacation, to keep
them from seeing my elbows beg of my
knees for their patches."

A hearty laugh bespoke the bravery
which neither poverty or taunts could
weaken.

Instinctively our hands met, and a
few words from trembling lips told him
of my appreciation. An hour after-
wards, when thinking of him, his awk-
wardness and constraint seemed greater
than ever. My mind could not at once
take in the new man I had found.

When next I met him I was surprised
at the change I saw. His self-conscious-
ness was lost in delight of being under-
stood. I was astonished at the keenness
of his wit, and the clear and concise way
in which he handled the, to me, most ab-
struse topics of the day. He showed rich
thought-channels diverging from com-
mon acceptance, and a strong intellect,
guided by judgment.

All winter the comradeship so begun,
lasted. I made no comparisons, secured
no inner awakenings, being busy delving
into my needs, uprooting fallow grounds
of my mind, and casting seed which I
determined should yield me a crop of new
acquirements. He inspired me to enter
new fields of thought and intellectual la-
bor; he towering ahead, but when diffi-
culties were met by me, quickly clearing
my way.

"Ere long little messages came from
the 'dear mother' to 'my son's friend,'
and I read many of the letters passing
between them.

I grew unhappy. I envied her his
love. I asked myself, "Would he ever
care for a stronger tie," (he seemed self-
sufficient,) then lectured self for caring,
usually turning to the comforting assur-
ance that I only wished to see his na-
ture expand under a woman's love, a
love as strong as the returns would be.
I became watchful under anxiety, not
jealousy, and soon my heart gave thanks
for what I saw.

I noticed, when in my presence, the
sweep of tender emotions over his soul,
through their outward expressions, the
deepening light in the clear eye, the
tremulous, sweet lines of the usually
firmly set lips, and thus watching and
rejoicing, soon lost myself. When the
awakening came, I could not pray for a
love that crushed truth in reaching its
object. Yet how I struggled for its life
without death to my womanhood. He
was soon to leave the place. Strength
came with the parting, and a ray of light,
else I had died those bitter days. A
clear, cold morning it was that he came
for me to walk part of the way to the
station with him, as far as the grove.
We slowly walked, without a word, he
seemingly quiet, I confused, for I felt his eyes
were pitilessly studying my face.

Like a charmed bird I yielded, met his
gaze, and was lost to self through pity
for the signs of wrestling which I saw.

We reached the grove, and the cold
gray sky, naked boughs and chilling
dreariness of the place, seemed fit sur-
rounding for such a good bye as I knew,
knowing the man, ours would be.

He put my hand from his arm, as if it
weakened him. A pallor overspread his
face, and his voice was husky as he said,
"Mary, I love you, and I know you love
me, (no weak-kneed knight was mine).
But I am not. You must forget me
and give your allegiance to Will if
you can. I am sure it cannot be right
that you should sacrifice yourself. Oh,
Mary! Mary! I cannot see you suffer.
I would bear it all if I could. For
God's sake let me get away from here an
honest man. Don't, darling, your tears
unman me. Listen to me, to my last
words. Four years from now I shall
come again, and I hope to find my wife
waiting. May heaven forgive me if I
am wrong to take this little comfort to
myself. In the meantime I shall send
no message, unless it is from my death-
bed."

He left me tearless, for the hope given
at the last dried them.

Now I am alone, and trying to settle
with my conscience. I will give myself
three months in which to take up my
life as I formerly planned, if I can. If
I cannot without this shrinking—well!
may God forgive if I do wrong—but I
feel sure I shall wait.

There! I've read enough. I don't re-
gret the past. I did try to love Will
again, but could not. He took my re-
treat quite well—yes, quite well. He
married a year ago, and says he "always
thought Ella the prettiest; she was a
lady to release me," &c.

After all I am glad I left P—.
There is no one to meddle now. I have
yet two years of hopeful waiting. Wish
I could hear from or of him, and that
he knew Will was married.

Yes! I'll do it. Of course I can't
write to him, for he may have changed
his mind, (a falsehood). I'll write to his
mother, just a friendly letter, telling her
I am among strangers, and lonely, and
will she let me write her occasionally,
and will she answer if I am not too te-
dious?

The dear woman will understand, and
help me I know. We shall see what we
shall see. You girl! where are your
blue tormentors.

ELLICE M. R.

One Way of Carving a Turkey.

There is nothing a young unmarried
man likes better than to go to a dinner
at the house of a friend, and to be asked
to carve the turkey. He never carved a
turkey in his life, and with an old maid
on one side of him, watching him closely,
and on the other side a fair girl for whom
he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed
when he begins. First, he pushes the
knife downward one of the thigh-joints.

He can't find the joint, and he plunges
the knife around in search of it, until he
makes mince-meat of the whole quarter
of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife
and tackles it again. At last, while
making a terrific dig, he hits the joint
suddenly, and the leg flies into the maid-
on lady's lap, while her dress-front is
covered with a shower of stuffing. Then
he goes for the other leg, and when the
young lady tells him he looks warm, the
weather seems to him to suddenly be-
come 400 degrees warmer. This leg he
finally pulls loose with his fingers. He
lays it on the edge of the plate, and while
he is hacking at the wing he gradually
pushes the leg over on the clean table-
cloth, and when he picks it up it slips
from his hand into the gravy-dish and
splashes the gravy around for six square
yards. Just as he has made up his mind
that the turkey has no joints to its wings
the host asks him if he thinks the In-
dians can really be civilized?

The girl next to him laughs, and he
says he will explain his views upon the
subject after dinner. Then he sops his
brow with his handkerchief and presses
the turkey so hard with the fork that it
slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of
water on the girl next to him. Nearly
frantic, he gouges away at the wings,
gets them off in a mutilated condition,
and digs into the breast. Before he can
cut any off the host asks him why he
don't help out the turkey. Bewildered,
he puts both legs on a plate and hands
them to the maiden lady, and while
taking her plate in return knocks over
the gravy dish. Then he sits down with
the calmness of despair and fans himself
with a napkin, while the servant girl
cleans up and takes the turkey to the
other end of the table. He doesn't dis-
cuss the Indian question that day. He
goes home right after dinner and spends
the night trying to decide whether to
commit suicide or to take lessons in
carving.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

These golden words of Bishop
Huntington are well worthy of being
reproduced: "We want in you a Chris-
tianity that is Christian across counters,
over dinner tables, behind the neighbors'
back as in his face. We want in you a
Christianity that we can find in the tem-
perance of the meal, in moderation of
dress, in respect for authority, in
amiability at home, in veracity and sim-
plicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill
used to say he would give very little for
the religion of a man whose every deg
and cat were not the better for his religion.
We want fewer gossiping, slander-
ing, gluttonous, peevish, conceited, big-
otted Christians. To make them effectual,
all our public religious measures, insti-
tutions, benevolent agencies, missions,
scrupulous and unquestionable tone of
honor, without evasion, or partisanship,
or overmuch of serpent's cunning. The
hand that gives away the Bible must be
unspotted from the world. The money
that sends the missionary to the heathen
must be honestly earned."

No well-bred person will be in-
solent to his inferiors. On the other
hand, he will observe a scrupulous ten-
derness of manner toward them—a care
of word and action, that shall lighten
the burden of humanity, which they must
necessarily feel, as much as possible.

The refinement of heart is the most prom-
inent characteristic of a high and noble
spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or
gentleman that is wholly unequivocal.

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application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

The Cleveland Day School.

The question of a day school for deaf-
mutes in Cleveland, O., supported by the
school board, seems to be definitely set-
tled for the time being. At a recent
meeting of this astute board, a special
committee on the matter made an ad-
verse report, thus throwing cold water
on the efforts of Mr. G. W. Chase, who
has labored long and hard to establish
such a school there. But it is not very
likely that Northern Ohio will be with-
out a school of this description for a very
long time to come. And there is no
reason why the subject of a school, sup-
ported by the State, should not be agi-
tated about this time. The Institution
at Columbus, we learn, is already crowd-
ed to its utmost capacity.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Those wishing to address Mr. A. W.
MANN by letter, can direct to 677 Euclid
ave., Cleveland, Ohio, until further no-
tice.

We have just learned that a deaf-
mute named TAYLOR, was run over and
killed by the cars in or near Chicago
very recently.

S. F. BUCKLEY, a graduate of the Ne-
braska Institution, has been appointed
foreman of the printing office in that in-
stitution.

MISS HATTIE E. MCGANN, teacher of
articulation in the Michigan Institution,
has a ten column article in the *Mirror*,
descriptive of the art.

MR. THOMAS PAGE has been appointed
foreman of the shoe shop of the Michi-
gan Institution, vice Mr. KNIGHT, de-
ceased. He is spoken of as a good and
competent man.

They talk of removing the Nebraska
Institution from Omaha to Lincoln,
the capital of the State. This is from an
Iowa paper, but the Institution folks,
presumably well posted, scold the idea.

We learn that W. M. FRENCH, the
deaf-mute that raised such a row in In-
diana not long ago, is trying to start a
day school, in St. Louis we believe.
The mutes thereabouts owe it to them-
selves to see that he does not succeed.

ONE of the visitors at the rooms of
the Chicago Deaf-mute Society, was Miss
HELEN M. DUNKIN, of New York,
who had stopped in the city for a day or
two en route for Galesburg, Ill., where
she had received an appointment to teach
a young deaf-mute child of wealthy pa-
rents.

THE Reading Club of the Michigan
Institution which is locally popular, held
its first meeting on Nov. 3d. The pro-
gramme, varied and attractive, was gone
through, and impromptu renderings came
afterwards. Why not allow deaf-mutes
to join and let them read in signs?

DURING his short stay in Jackson,
Mich., recently, Dr. GALLAUDET went to
Steele's gallery, at the invitation of Mr.
KERR, the well known and popular deaf-
mute artist, and sat for his photograph.
Very shortly after the negatives were
taken he took the train for Flint. Those
wishing photographs can address Mr.
KERR.

MR. REID, lately of the National Deaf-
mute College, and at present a teacher
in the Nebraska Institution, had the
pleasure of meeting his mother for the
first time in nine years, the other day.
She has been traveling all over the world
and recently visited another son in Aus-
tralia. Quite a scattered family.

It don't pay to go to the Black Hills
after gold, says the *Mirror*, on the au-
thority of a letter received by one of the
Michigan pupils, whether from a deaf-
mute or not we don't know. Among
other adventures the writer narrates
how, in the capacity of mail carrier down
the Yellowstone River, through the In-
dian country, he nearly lost his scalp.

They can't turn the Cook County
(Ill.) Normal School into an Institution
for the Deaf, it is said, because the land
being a gift, was deeded in such a way
that to devote it to any other use than
Normal School purposes, would destroy
the title and cause it to revert back to
the donor or his heirs.

MR. A. W. MANN, the missionary,
visited Delaware, Ohio, recently, and
held a service in the lecture room of
St. Peter's Episcopal Church. There
was a good attendance of deaf-mutes,
with a large number of hearing people,
attracted thither by curiosity and inter-
est. The service was held on Wednes-
day evening, the 15th instant.

The articulation excitement is cooling
down in the Michigan Institution.—
When first introduced it was all the
rage, and all were anxious to learn, deem-
ing its acquisition a matter of but a few
weeks. The haste made was altogether
too slow for them, and now they are
doubtless thankful that they have the
sign language to fall back upon, and find
no cause to envy the few who still con-
tinue to receive lessons.

EMORY SHOOP, Esq., of Delaware,
Ohio, a well educated and enterprising
deaf-mute, is engaged in the business of
stone cutting "on his own hook," to use
a familiar expression. He has already
a large contract to fill on stone work for
one of the finest residences that is to be
put up in Delaware, during the coming
spring. Mr. SHOOP expects to enlarge
his facilities of doing work in his line,
and give employment to several hands.

AMONG those who attended Dr. GAL-
LAUDET's afternoon service at Cleveland,
were several from abroad: Mr. and Mrs.
OVERSTAKE, of Wooster; Mr. and Mrs.
REDDINGTON, of Anahert; Mr. and Mrs.
McCLAVE, Sen., with their son and his
young bride, of New London; Mrs.
BARNHISEL, nee MISS WORKS, a graduate
of the New York Institution, residing
at Youngstown, and one or two others
whose names have slipped your correspon-
dents' memory. They had a sort of a
social re-union the day before the service,
and enjoyed themselves very much.

It was the pleasure of your correspon-
dent, recently, to take by the hand
Mr. D. S. RECTOR, of Sodas, Mich. Mr.
R. is a graduate of the Michigan In-
stitution, and now lives with his father
on his large fruit farm, not many miles
from St. Joseph, the great shipping cen-
tre of the finest fruit growing region of
the State. The farm contains about 300
acres. A large portion is covered with
peach and apple trees. This year Mr.
RECTOR, Sen., shipped many barrels of
apples to Chicago, to be sold on commis-
sion.

A couple, who, the account does not
reveal, went to the Centennial last Sep-
tember, and their visit to the New York
Institution is worthy of record. We
quote their description:—"We were
warmly welcomed to the 'castle of sil-
ence.' The first view of the noble In-
stitution must ever be a thing to be re-
membered. Soon after we got there we
felt the explosion Hell Gate. [Hell
Gate is about five miles away.—Ed.]
Mr. A. went with some young gentlemen
from the Institution, boating on the
Hudson River, [in the *Evangeline*!—
Ed.] Especially one beautiful moon-
light evening they enjoyed themselves
very much indeed. Some young ladies
entertained me so that I was not inclined
to go to the river. We were kindly in-
vited to stay three days, during which
our enjoyment was beyond description."
Then they left on the day boat for Al-
bany, and "in passing the Institution
some ladies were seen waving their hand-
kerchiefs. Immediately we answered
by waving ours, as much as to say we
were all right." This Western couple
will always have a good opinion of the
Eastern mutes, we hope.

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occasion will be interesting to those of
our readers who were not present, we
will endeavor to describe the leading in-
cidents.

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of the church as a token of the high es-
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by them), the clergy following, succeeded
by the Bishops, of whom there were five,
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of the time, occasionally relieved by Rev.
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Then shall the lame man leap as a hart,
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the chapter from St. Mark, verse 31 to
the end, relates the miracle our Saviour
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dressed—thanking the rector and vestry
of the church where they were assem-
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and commended also to their prayers the
candidate about to be commissioned and
sent forth, (who during these words, was
called on to arise and stand before them);
concluding with an eloquent aspiration
for the time when they should all hear the
plaudit of their loving Savior, "Come ye
blessed of my Father, and sing with
faultless tongues, the new song sung by
the Redeemed in glory."

At the close of the sermon, the Bishop
re-entered the chancel, and being seated,
in his Episcopal Chair at the right of the
Holy Table, the candidate and his pre-
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stood before him. Dr. Gallaudet then
(Dr. Clerc interpreting for the people)
formally presented Mr. Sytle to the Bis-
hop as a person whom he believed to be apt
and meet for the ministry. The Bishop
then, turning to the congregation, de-
manded that if any one knew of any
crime or impediment in the candidate, he
should come forth in the name of God
and show what it was. After a moment's
solemn stillness, no one responding with
any objection or accusation, the Bishop
commended the candidate to the prayers
of the congregation, and all knelt.

The Litany was then read by the Rt.
Rev. I. Hellmuth, D. D., Lord Bishop
of Huron, in Canada, after which the
Communion Service was commenced by
the Rt. Rev. Wm. Stevens Perry, D. D.,
Bishop of Iowa; the Ten Command-
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lect and Epistle, I Tim., iii, 8-13. The
examination and ordination itself now
took place, Dr. Gallaudet interpreting
to the candidate by signs or spelling, and
he replying by the manual alphabet his
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him the seven solemn questions set forth
in the Ordinal, to which he made fitting
answer of his belief, and took the sacred
vows. Then the Bishop came forward
to the chancel rail where the candidate
knelt, and laying his hand upon his
head, said: "Take thou authority to
execute the office of a Deacon in the
Church of God committed unto thee; in
the name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." He then
handed to him the New Testament,
saying: "Take thou authority to read
the Gospel in the Church of God, and to
preach the same, if thou be licensed
thereto by the Bishop himself."

The newly-ordained deacon then rose
and stepped inside the chancel, and all
the congregation rising, he read in signs
the Gospel, St. Luke xii, 35-38.

An Interesting Occasion.

THE ORDINATION OF HENRY WINTER SYLE
TO THE DIACONATE BY BISHOP STEVENS
IN PHILADELPHIA.

The eighth of October, 1876, marks
an event of much interest to the deaf-
mute community all over the civilized
world. It marks a change of sentiment
and a step of progress toward a recog-
nition of the abilities of deaf-mutes to fill
positions in one of the professions to which
they have heretofore been denied admis-
sion. It may be known that it is not many
years since the very idea of a deaf-mute
in Holy Orders, commissioned to work
among his own people, would have been
looked upon with great disfavor. Certain
literal interpretations of the Scripture and
of certain ancient Canons or laws, said
to have been adopted by some churches
in Asia, about 1500 years ago, gave him
to understand that the entrance to the
ministry was entirely closed against
him. Strange to say, this opinion is
held by some, even at this day. It was
brought forward in objection to Mr.
Sytle's being received as a candidate for
Holy Orders in Pennsylvania, eighteen
months ago. And even after it had been
set aside, and the applicant admitted
by the Bishop and Standing Committee
of Pennsylvania, with the approval of
several other Bishops who had been con-
sulted,—even after this precedent, the
objection was renewed in a slightly differ-
ent form, against another applicant, Mr.
Mann, in the diocese of Michigan. After
this gentleman had been received by
his Bishop, some words in the Canons of
this Church were interpreted by the
Standing Committee, so as to exclude
him on the ground that he could not
"read aloud," not dreaming for a moment
the absurdity of expecting any one to
"read aloud" to those who could not hear.
Happily another standing committee, not
troubled with such nice, hair-splitting
distinctions and literal interpretations,
arrived at a different conclusion, and Mr.
Mann is now a candidate in the Diocese
of Ohio.

As stated above, it is more than a
year since Mr. Sytle was received as a
candidate for Holy Orders. He could
have been ordained last June, at the end
of the twelve months usually required
after admission; but for various reasons
it seemed better to fix the day on Octo-
ber 8th, the Sunday before the annual
meeting of the Board of Missions was
to be held. Many Bishops and promi-
nent clergymen would then be present, and
it would also be a more convenient time
for the deaf-mutes who wished to visit
the Centennial. Bishop Stevens special-
ly desired the ordination to be as em-
phatic as possible.

As the exercises on this memorable
occasion will be interesting to those of
our readers who were not present, we
will endeavor to describe the leading in-
cidents.

Shortly before the service began St.
Stephen's Church was filled until all the
sitting room was occupied, and those who
could not find seats was obliged to stand
throughout the entire service. Many deaf-
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by the Bishops, of whom there were five,
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The newly-ordained deacon then rose
and stepped inside the chancel, and all
the congregation rising, he read in signs
the Gospel, St. Luke xii, 35-38.

The offertory sentences were then read
by Rev. Dr. Rudder, the offerings being
for St. Stephen's Deaf-mute Mission.
During the collection Bishop Stevens
arose and mentioned some interesting
facts relative to the Bishop and clergy
taking part in the services. The Lord
Bishop of Huron represented the Church
of England, from which land Mr. Sytle's
father came; and Bishop Bedell was the
successor in the diocese of Ohio, of Bis-
hop McIlvaine, who brought him to
America; Bishop Bedell, also himself
had received and hoped soon to ordain a
deaf-mute candidate for Holy Orders. Of
the clergy, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and
Clerc were, as had been mentioned in
the sermon, the sons of the two pioneers
of deaf-mute education in America, and
were themselves engaged in carrying on
the glorious work—by caring for the
souls of the deaf-mutes educated in the
schools founded by their fathers. (It
may be added there were also present
Rev. Dr. Schereschewsky, for fifteen
years a missionary in China with Rev.
Dr. Sytle, and now Missionary Bishop-
elect of China; Bishop Elliott, of West-
ern Texas, who has a little niece deaf
and dumb—whence his deep personal
interest in the cause; and Bishop Perry,
of Iowa, nephew of Bishop Stevens,
and known to many mutes as formerly
rector of a church at Geneva, N. Y.,
where he encouraged services for them;
while Rev. Dr. Rudder, rector of St.
Stephen's Church, is a graduate of Trinity
College, and a member of the same soci-
ety as Mr. Sytle, the "Beta Beta," which
has given to the cause of the deaf such
men as Dr. Clerc, Pres. E. M. Gallaudet,
and Prof. O. D. Cooke; and Rev. Mr.
Lewis, his assistant, is a nephew of
Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburgh, who was

President of Trinity College while Mr.
Sytle was a student there, and who saw
Mr. Sytle at St. John's College, when
the visiting American Bishops received
the degree of LL. D., from the Univer-
sity of Cambridge in 1867. Bishop Gil-
lespie, of Western Michigan, desired to
take part in the services, but not knowing
the outside way to the robing room, and
being unable to make his way through
the crowd, was obliged to retire.

The Communion Service was then pro-
ceeded with, by the Rt. Rev. R. W. B.
Elliott, Bishop of Western Texas. The
Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, D. D., Bishop of
Ohio, consecrated the bread and wine,
and delivered them, first to the Bishops,
then to the Priests, and last to the newly-
ordained Deacon. The elements were
distributed to the communicants by Rev.
Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Dr. Clerc; the
deaf-mutes, of whom there must have
been about sixty, came forward first, fill-
ing space twice, and several remaining
over for the third round, afterwards
many hearing communicants partook of
the Sacrament. Bishop Elliott read the
concluding prayers, after which Bishop
Bedell pronounced the benediction, and
this most solemn and deeply interesting
occasion was at an end.

While the audience dispersed, Rev.
Mr. Sytle received the warm congratu-
lations of his friends in a quiet and modest
way. He will continue to have charge
of the Deaf-mute Mission at St. Stephen's
Church, and it is to be hoped a larger
sphere of usefulness among the thous-
ands of deaf-mutes in our broad land,
will be opened to him in God's own good
time.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was evidently deeply
moved and gratified at being permitted to
witness and assist in this ordination,
which marked such an onward step in
the work to which he has devoted him-
self. Surely, we can never repay or even
express the obligations we are under to
him, for his self-sacrificing efforts in be-
half of the deaf and dumb of the en-
tire country.

Deaf-Mute Religious Services in Balti- more.

Rev. H. W. Sytle conducted service
for deaf-mutes in the Sunday-school room
of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church
yesterday afternoon. About fifty per-
sons were present. The services were
very impressive by the absolute silence,
and were closely attended to. They con-
sisted of reading the Bible, prayers, and
a brief address in the sign language. Mr.
Sytle is apparently about 28 years old,
and is easy and graceful in his gestures,
rarely using the alphabet, but expressing
his meaning by the quicker vocabulary
of signs. He is a son of Rev. Dr. Sytle,
a missionary in the University of Japan,
and is also a deaf-mute. He was in-
structed by Dr. Gallaudet, and is station-
ed in Philadelphia. He is said to be the
only deaf-mute who has ever taken
orders. Mr. Sytle is a deacon in the
Protestant Episcopal Church, and is
clothed in the surplice while minister-
ing. The deaf-mutes who attend the
mission at Grace Church are of all de-
nominations. It is said there are about
eighty in the city. It is greatly desired
by the officers of Grace Church that
mission services for deaf-mutes should be
held on third Sunday of each month, and
efforts to that end will be made.—*Balti-
more Sun*, Nov. 20th.

Resolutions.

At a general meeting of the deaf-
mutes of Philadelphia, held in the Sun-
day School room of St. Stephen's Church,
on Thursday, October 19th, 1876, the
following preamble and resolutions were
unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is proper that we, the
deaf-mutes of Philadelphia, should pub-
licly acknowledge our gratitude for the
religious and benevolent efforts made in
our behalf by the Philadelphia Protes-
tant Episcopal Deaf-mute Mission, and
for the facilities afforded for the same at
St. Stephen's Church; and should ex-
press our respectful desire to have them
continued and extended, and our readi-
ness to do our part in the good work;

Resolved, That our thanks are justly
due, and are most heartily and respect-
fully tendered, to all who have aided, by
their labors and liberality, in carrying on

CORRESPONDENCE.

Prof. Job Turner at the Centennial.

MALDEN, MASS., Nov. 23d, 1876.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Allow me to give your readers an account of my trip to the Centennial, and tell what pleased and entertained me most while there.

On the afternoon of the 21st ult., I started away for the grand exposition, by way of Worcester, where I stopped for one day to hold divine service, which I believe I did to the satisfaction of the silent people. They have a nice hall for Sunday worship and Wednesday night social meetings. We had a very enjoyable Sabbath there. I gave them a night lecture on Esther, which, no doubt, entertained them much. At the close of my lecture, they shook hands with me, and told me they wished me a pleasant journey, and a good time at the great show.

I started for Philadelphia, via New York, the same night at half past ten o'clock, and reached there the next morning at half past nine—several hours sooner than I expected to. Then I turned my face toward the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where Mr. Foster, the principal, received me with the kindness of a true friend. Certainly he did all he could to make my stay comfortable, and I enjoyed a very pleasant home with him and his officers, who treated me with great kindness during my visit to the show, which lasted about nineteen days, several days longer than I had intended to remain. I was much more pleased with the exhibition than I thought I should be, and I derived a great deal of knowledge from what I saw. I could clearly feel that God showed the Centennial visitors, as it were, a grand picture of all the works done for His glory through the agency of man. The first words which God said to the world were "Let there be light, and there was light." It seems to me that God said to everything in the world, "Let there be light, and there was light." For instance, Prof. Morse was trying to invent the magnetic telegraph; he must have got light from God in some mysterious way, and there was light in his invention. It was the same with Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and many others. Truly it is God who has given light to a great many wonderful inventions in very mysterious ways.

I visited some places of historic celebrity, making a pilgrimage to Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and made known to the public. I looked with veneration at many old relics which are too numerous to mention. I intend to write you more fully what I saw there after awhile. I saw the original Declaration of Independence; the principles set forth therein have made a great republic of this country.

I wended my way to Carpenter's Hall, where President Washington and others had the first prayer offered in Congress. I was shown the spot where Washington, Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin knelt at prayer. Each of the halls was densely crowded with Centennial visitors.

I went to see the spot where William Penn made the treaty with the Indians. There is a monument about eight feet high, to mark the place. The man who showed it, told me that the tree under which the treaty was made, was cut down in 1812.

I visited the Swedish Church, (the oldest church in Philadelphia), which was built five years before the landing of William Penn. A pretty girl was sweeping the church; she saw me coming and kindly invited me in with a smiling face, and showed me the old elbow chair, old organ and marble baptismal font, all of which came from Sweden. She then led me into the old burial ground, in the midst of which the church stands, and showed me some very ancient tombstones, and told me by signs that they were also made in Sweden. I asked her how old the church is, and she replied, "176." She said that the bricks of which it is built, came from Sweden in a ship.

Messrs. Carlin and Trist very kindly showed me Christ Church, where Gen. Washington, Robert Morris, Benjamin Franklin and Francis Hopkinson used to attend divine worship. I had the honor of sitting in each of their pews. Their rector was Bishop White, who was a friend to the deaf-mutes, and through whose instrumentality the present Deaf and Dumb Institution was established. He was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and filled the position until his death. The sexton showed me the place under the pulpit, which contains the ashes of William Penn's son, John Penn. Beneath the old church lie the remains of many great men.

I saw the venerable-looking church where Dr. Barnes, well known as the author of Barnes' notes, preached for forty years, I think.

It was curiosity that led me to Girard College, over which I was kindly shown. In one of the halls Stephen Girard's gig, furniture and other things are kept. I must not omit to say that one of his former clerks is the secretary of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia. His name is Mr. Barclay, and he is, I believe, the oldest Director of the Institution, having been first elected about the time it went into operation. I had the pleasure of seeing him, and he is still a smart gentleman. I had not seen him for thirty years.

I saw with a sad heart the graves of Dr. Benjamin Franklin and wife.

Mr. Carlin kindly showed me the house which the Deaf and Dumb Institution at first occupied. It is now a good hotel. He led me to the old-looking church, that my old Principal, Lewis Weld, attended, and thence to the house where President Washington used to live. He showed me the old shop where Washington used to have his watches regulated and repaired. He would have shown me some other places of note if he had

had time. I appreciated his kindness toward me very much. I had many nice talks with him, and found him an intelligent gentleman.

I went to the Academy of Fine Arts, where I spent one whole day. Among the relics which I saw were Gen. Washington's sofa, elbow chairs, epaulettes, spectacles, razor, etc., Lafayette's epaulettes, chairs, and camp-bed, John Hancock's red velvet coat and black velvet pants, and Franklin's sofa and chairs. I saw the old secretary on which Washington signed the death warrant of Major Andre, who was hung as a traitor. I saw the old gun barrel with which King Philip, the Indian chief, was killed. I saw, thirty years ago, the hill where he was shot dead by Capt. Church, near Providence, R. I. I wish I could tell you many more things which I saw and admired there.

I visited Baldwin's extensive locomotive works which occupy five acres. They told me that they manufactured ten locomotives a week when they were busy, and that they used to employ 3,000 men, but that they now had only about 1,000 hands on account of the hard times.

I will soon write you more fully about the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where I received such a warm welcome from Principal Foster and his officers. I enjoyed myself with the deaf-mute teachers, Professors Pyatt and Trist and Mrs. Coulter and Miss Knabe, whose kindness I shall never forget.

Mr. Foster is a true father to his pupils, and takes a deep interest in their welfare. The Institution over which he presides is fortunately situated in a very healthy place, though it is in a large city. I was told that there had been but a few cases of sickness there in several years.

I cannot conclude without saying that I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, at the Pennsylvania Institution. I had a pleasant conversation with him. God's blessing ever rest on Mr. Foster, his officers and pupils.

Yours truly,

JOB TURNER.

The New York Institution.

New York, Nov. 21, 1876.

Visitors at the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes are always surprised at the perfect order kept throughout the whole establishment, and especially among the female pupils. They are always so neat, so cheerful, and so well behaved. Having been there visiting several times, more than ever, for I had leisure time this fall, I noticed them more than ever, for I had learned that the charge of them was now almost entirely in the hands of the assistant matron—Miss Prudence Lewis—a deaf-mute lady, who has been at the Institution for a number of years, and who has always fulfilled her duties in a very satisfactory manner. And there being as yet no matron at the Institution, she is, and has been doing double duty at least in that department, the leadership and control of the female pupils devolving upon her. But she is always pleasant to meet, and has, by her kindness of heart and practical good sense, won the respect and affection of all. She seems to enter into all their thoughts and feelings like a mother with her own children, and I often thought how pleased the parents must be to have such a place for their children, and to feel that such a suitable person has the charge of them; for none but a parent knows how hard it is to place a child in the care of strangers for so long a time as a term of school seems to be; and they cannot but feel grateful to one like Miss Lewis, who does so much to make them happy and comfortable while at school. Wishing her every success, we hope she may live long to fill the place as no other could, in the well-managed, well-kept New York Institution. I have visited many public Institutions in the United States, but have never yet met with the equal of this Institution in any way, and I believe that no one that has ever visited it will object to what I say in its favor. And to those who have never visited it, I only invite them to do so at once and satisfy themselves, as I and many others have done. They will meet with the most cordial reception and kind attention from all connected with its admirable management, from the Superintendent, Principal, Teachers, and all the generous household. Every day seems to be a visiting day; no you feel that as you see them, no does every one who avails himself or herself of the pleasure and opportunity.

A College Disappointed.

The Syracuse Courier says: "We are informed that the Syracuse University is not so rich within \$25,000 as it was supposed to be. Something over a year ago, the University announced through the daily press that it had received a donation of \$25,000, and an urgent appeal was made to wealthy citizens to 'do likewise' and swell the assets of the University. The name of the party was not then given, nor has it ever been revealed. It turns out, however, that the donation consisted of \$25,000 worth of second mortgage bonds of the Chenango Valley railroad, worth, as our citizens are aware, absolutely nothing. Some time since the University was taxed on the bonds, and a meeting of the Executive Committee was appointed to take action upon the matter. It was decided by the committee that, as the bonds were not worth the taxes, they should be surrendered, and accordingly they were."

The school in Dist. No. 8 closed last Friday for two weeks, during which time some repairs will be made, such as laying new floors, putting in new seats of the latest and best style, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are very successful in their work and will remain.

—Thanksgiving to-day. May it be a pleasurable day to all our readers.

Death of Judge Skinner.

Hon. Avery Skinner died at his home in Union Square, on Friday morning, the 24th inst., at the advanced age of eighty years.

Though his death has not been unanticipated, yet its announcement brings gloom and sorrow over the whole community. He has lived many years beyond the age described as the allotted duration of human life, and passes away in his full maturity, ripe as a sheaf for the sickle. For years he has been more or less troubled with some type of liver disease, which recently assumed a serious and fatal form. He was attended by Drs. Dayton and Green, but all that medical science could suggest was in vain. His extraordinary vital powers, which had so long baffled the disease, finally gave way, and his spirit took its noisome flight.

The name of Avery Skinner is a household word in Oswego county, and probably no citizen has been more prominently identified with its history. Few men had warmer friends or a more extended acquaintance. His death is another inroad upon one of the best-known families in Central New York.

Judge Skinner was born in New Hampshire in 1796. His boyhood was spent on a farm, where he acquired that fondness for agricultural pursuits which many years of public life never abated. His early education was fair. His father's family was large, and its members have distinguished themselves as men of talent, worth and station. He is one of a family of nine children, only two of whom survive. They all lived to a great age. The Hon. Alanson Skinner, of Brownville, his brother, died last June, and his brother, Rev. Dolphus Skinner, of Utica, one of the most distinguished clergymen in the Universalist denomination, died but a few years since. Mr. Skinner had his own way to make in the world, and bravely commenced as a school teacher at Watertown, where he lived for six years, and finally in 1822 settled at Union Square. He erected the hotel now standing at that place, and for a long time it was the headquarters of the leading county politicians. Its venerable walls have silently witnessed the victories and defeats of hundreds of anxious candidates.

He was a life-long Democrat, and was always influential in the councils of his party. A self-made man, by his own energy and ability he worked his way to some of the most prominent positions within the gift of the people. His political history has been marked by a long series of brilliant successes. Soon after settling at Union Square, John Q. Adams appointed him Postmaster, which position he has held ever since. For fifteen years he was Associate Judge of the County Court under the old system. He was early elected County Treasurer of this county, and remained so for about sixteen years. In 1831 he was elected to the Assembly, and re-elected in 1832. At that time there was but one member from this county. From 1833 to 1842 he represented this district in the State Senate, and during the same years, by virtue of his office, was a member of the Court for the Correction of Errors, which, under the old constitution, was the highest court in the State, and analogous to the present court of appeals. Walworth, Nelson, Bronson and Cowen belonged to the court at the time. While in the Senate Mr. Skinner was intimately associated with many of the intellectual giants who at that day found their way into that body, and few if any of the Senators commanded more respect and confidence. Nearly all of those men have passed away and are almost forgotten by the generation now rushing into their places. In 1846 he was a candidate for Congress and was defeated by William Duer by a few votes. No one has been longer connected with the active politics of the county than Mr. Skinner. He has attended every county convention of his party held during the past fifty-two years and has acted with four or five distinct classes or generations of politicians during his long career. Among the names of his earliest contemporaries in this county, now dead, we remember Joel Turritt, R. C. Kenyon, D. P. Brewster, A. P. Grant, E. B. Talcott, Peter Devondorf, Joseph Torrey, Elias Brewster, O. H. Whitney, Starr Clark, Judge Hubbell and Leander Babcock, all of whom have gone before him. But few of the leading men of that generation are living. As he looked around to find his early associates, nearly all gone from earth, how strongly he must have felt the sentiment—

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

He was plain in dress, genial, courteous, and possessed all the qualities which attract and retain friends. No one could see him and not be impressed with his fine personal appearance and thorough manliness. He was eminently social and was the charm of the dinner table, where his rare faculty of conversation and cheerful wit delighted every ear. Though living in a land where corruption is common among public men, all his acts were pure and straightforward, and his public and private record is without a blot. With his death disappears the last survivor of the original founders of Mexico Academy, and we well remember the enthusiasm which his presence created at the semi-centennial re-union of that institution last August. It was about the last public gathering he attended.

Mr. Skinner was married in 1822 to Eliza Huntington who died in 1833. He was again married in 1834 to Charlotte P. Stebbins, who survives him. For over half a century his commanding form has frequented our streets and it is sad to think that we shall no more look on his familiar features, never again hear his kindly voice, never again respond to his friendly greeting.

He leaves a wife and four sons, the Hon. T. W. Skinner, of Mexico, Hon. C. R. Skinner, of Watertown, Rev. James Skinner, of Syracuse, Albert Skinner, Esq., of Hoosick Falls, and two daughters, Mrs. M. L. Wright and Mrs. C. H. Richardson, both of Mexico.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Judge Skinner took place on Monday afternoon last from his late residence in Union Square, and was largely attended by the relatives and friends of the deceased. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. He was buried with Masonic rites, the lodges of Parish, Pulaski and Mexico being well represented. The body was deposited in a handsome casket, trimmed with floral offerings, the plate bearing the following inscription:

AVERY SKINNER,
Died Nov. 24th, 1876,
Aged 80 years.

The services were impressive, and were conducted by Revs. E. H. Munger, of Parish, and J. M. Austin, of Auburn. Mr. Austin paid a fitting tribute in his remarks to the character of the deceased.

He alluded most feelingly to his early acquaintance with Mr. Skinner, and attributed his own success in life to the friendship and advice of the deceased, who was his friend and teacher in the Academy at Watertown sixty years ago.

At the conclusion of the services his remains were taken to the burying ground, but a few steps from his own homestead, and interred by the side of his wife and three children—his sons and sons-in-law acting as pall bearers.

And there, in that peaceful city of the dead, amid the most pleasant surroundings, near the companions of life's early day, a spot of all others where he would choose to rest, we leave all that is mortal of a steadfast friend, a good citizen and an honest man.

G. H. G.

PARISH.

For a few days past we have been greeted with "beautiful snow."

We regret to receive the painful intelligence of the death of Judge Skinner. For some time past the Judge has been in the habit of visiting "our place" quite frequently, coming and returning on the cars. This was done as a healthful exercise. About two weeks ago he came here, and was taken quite ill, but he assisted to the cars and returned home, never more to visit us, at least in the human form. At that time on seeing the Judge, we had a premonition that this would be his last visit to Parish. His visits here were always welcome, and his rehearsal of the olden time was always refreshing.

On Friday evening, Dec. 1, T. D. Curtis, of Syracuse, State Deputy of the Sovereigns of Industry, will lecture at our place in behalf of that institution. Mr. Curtis is a deep, original thinker, and is worthy of being heard. The Sovereigns of Industry we believe is a good institution; akin to the Patrons of Husbandry, both of them members of one grand army of laborers—one division comprehends the farmer, the other the mechanic, both are opposed to monopoly and both in favor of co-operation.

The idea of establishing reading-rooms in our villages is well worthy of attention. Let the reading matter be adapted to all classes of society. By all means have in the reading-room works and papers designed for the farmer and mechanic. These classes need mental food as well as others.

Our beloved country is now passing through another fiery ordeal. It is again upon trial for its future existence. It is the duty of every patriot to come to the front and endeavor to rescue the Union from danger. When the principal object of politics is to get office and have no grand principle for its guide, we must expect such times as these. A mere office seeker will resort to any subterfuge to gain the victory, whether it be in the voting or counting of votes. The last political campaign should teach the American people a wise lesson, never to engage in another political warfare for the mere spoils of office. We have been taught by most of the political agitators to hate one another, and have no confidence in each other's integrity, and now we begin to reap the direful results. Doubtless the people will never know who is fairly elected President, but whoever may be declared President we had better endure and make the best we can of the man. In no case resort to the bullet, but wait patiently for the magic power of the future ballot, for a sovereign remedy for all wrongs, actual or supposed.

Yesterday, Nov. 26, Rev. Mr. Cooper, of Mexico, preached at Slawson's Hall. He preaches there every two weeks.

Oud.

Parish, Nov. 27, 1876.

A Temperance Lecture.

New York, Nov. 27.—Lizzie Brown, a dissipated woman, was found yesterday in an out house in the rear of No. 7 Elizabeth street, her clothing in flames and too drunk to help herself. She had evidently kindled a fire on the floor to warm herself. She died in the Chambers street hospital last evening.

—At 6:30 A. M., Monday, Mary Ann Harvard, an aged woman of Oswego, was burned so as to cause death, by her clothing taking fire from a piece of burning paper thrown on the floor.

—Joseph Grant, of Oswego was robbed of a gold watch by highwaymen, in that city, Saturday night. They struck him with a board and knocked one of his teeth out after he was down.

—Dr. George Moore, supposed to be of Oswego, was found dead in his bed at the Albion Hotel, Stratford, Ont. Whisky.

A Youthful Burglar.

Mr. J. W. Larkin, a baker in the employ of Mr. John Whyborn, on entering the store early last Thursday morning, found the door in the board partition between the store and the bakery, buttoned on the side of the latter, and he had to take out a pane of glass and turn the button before he could enter the bakery. Upon investigation it was found that all the pennies had been taken from the two tills in the store. Messrs. Whyborn and Larkin thought best to keep "num" about it, and wait developments, as they thought the robbery must have been committed by boys.

Thursday forenoon, [Frank Freeman (a little colored boy, not quite twelve years of age), entered the store, bought half a dozen cookies and paid for them in pennies. Mr. Larkin hardly suspected him, but asked him if he could give him pennies for a ten cent piece, as he was short of them that morning. Frank willingly made the exchange. Then Mr. Larkin said he would give him a silver quarter if he would let him have twenty-five pennies. After a little haggling, he dove down into his capacious pocket and finally obtained the required number of one cent pieces. Mr. Larkin obtained in all about \$1.50 from him, and then accused him of breaking into the store. At first he denied the truthfulness of the charge, but finally acknowledged the theft.

Mr. Whyborn then wished him to enter the store the same way he did the evening before. Going to the rear of the store, the boy entered the store the same way that he did the evening previous. By pushing, he managed to take from the staple, the stick which fastened the door. He then crawled over the coal and went through the coal hole into the bakery. This orifice is only about a foot square. It seems that he had a very hard time trying to get from this room into the front part of the store; but finally managed to crawl through the coal-hole, which is only seven inches across, and besides, it is in such a place that it would be very difficult for a person to pass through even if it were much larger. He then took two dollars from the money drawers, overlooking or discarding almost everything but pennies. While in the bakery, he turned the button on the door between that and the store and therefore had to go out the same way.

On Friday, he was brought before H. L. Cole, Esq., when he was sent to the House of Refuge, at Rochester. There he will be sure to have good treatment, and a home for at least six months.

Board of Supervisors.

The Board of Supervisors met at the Court House in Oswego, on Monday evening, when the Chairman, Hon. H. J. Daggett, announced the following standing committees:

Consistables and Justices' Accounts—Messrs. Smith, Phillips, Lee, Taylor, Fleming, Rudd.

Sheriff and Jailors' Accounts—Messrs. Brigham, Harding, Sampson.

Miscellaneous Accounts—Messrs. Dixon, Nichols, Root, Babcock, Daggett.

To Compare Rolls—Messrs. Fleming, Hall, Hoagland, Hess, Patrick, Clary, Rudd.

To Foot Rolls—Messrs. Hart, Brigham, Harding, Phillips, Rudd, Sampson, Lee, Clary, Smith.

To Equalize Valuation—Messrs. Sage, Rowe, Patrick, Boyd, Taylor, Harding, Daggett.

Rejected Taxes, Schools and Highways—Messrs. Beebe, Henderson, Hoagland, Sampson.

To Settle with Superintendents of Poor—Messrs. Brigham, Root, Hart.

Judiciary—Messrs. Babcock, Nichols, Phillips.

To Settle with County Treasurer—Messrs. Patrick, Lee, Beebe.

To Settle with Judicial Officers—Messrs. Henderson, Dixon, Comstock.

To Settle with Loan Commissioners—Messrs. Boyd, Smith, Sage.

To Make List of Grand Jurors—Messrs. Rudd, Clary, Fleming, Hess.

To Settle with Supervisors—Messrs. Sampson, Phillips, Hall.

Ways and Means—Messrs. Dixon, Hall, Root.

To Collect Town and County Charges—Messrs. Comstock, Boyd, Smith.

To Apportion Taxes and make Ratio—Messrs. Nichols, Rowe, Gardener, Sampson, Comstock.

To Fill Collectors' Warrants—Messrs. Harding, Comstock, Rudd, Clary.

To make Abstract—Messrs. Nichols, Root, Gardener.

Local Legislation—Messrs. Gardener, Sage, Rowe, Comstock, Hart, Boyd, Nichols, Henderson.

To Extend Taxes—Messrs. Phillips, Hart, Nichols, Comstock, Rudd, Root, Rowe, Harding, Gardener, Brigham, Sampson, Beebe, Dixon, Hoagland.

By Sup. Root.—That the standing committees have rooms at the Hamilton House. Adopted.—*Osw. Palladium.*

—Prof. Samuel N. Sweet, author of Sweet's Elocution and Rhetorical Reader, died at Sand Bank, last-week, aged 72.

—Mr. John Parsons will please accept our thanks for the nice present he sent us on Tuesday. He likes to remember the poor.

—The religious meetings at the M. E. Church will continue the present week. They are well attended, and give promise of great spiritual good.

—The Central Association of Congregational ministers of the State of New York, will meet in the Congregational Church in Homer, on Friday, December 5th, 1876.

—Leroy A. Winchester, a well known printer, former publisher of the Oswego News, and recently of the Chicago Times, was choked to death by a piece of meat in a Chicago restaurant last week.

News of the Week.

The three Younger brothers have pleaded guilty to the murder of Cashier Haywood, in the attempted bank robbery at Northfield, Minn., and have all been sentenced to State Prison for life.

In the six million dollar suit of John G. Stevens against the Midland, an appeal to the United States Supreme Court has been granted.

The Franklin arrived in New York, Thursday, with William M. Tweed; he was immediately taken to Ludlow street jail.

A colossal statue of Daniel Webster was unveiled in Central Park, New York, Saturday.

Tilden's official majority on the highest vote for an elector in New York State, 33,065; Robinson's majority is 30,460. Jeff. Davis arrived in New York, from England, Saturday.

The United States has brought a suit for \$22,078 against Gen. O. O. Howard, for defalcation, as agent of the freedmen's bureau.

Dr. Schlieman has discovered immense subterranean tombs, supposed to be those of Agamemnon and Cassandra, at Argos, Greece.

The depression in the foreign iron trade is unprecedented.

There was withdrawn from the Bank of England, Friday, \$750,000 in specie for shipment to the United States.

The Empire State has justified its name. It pelted for President more than one million votes.

Rev. J. D. Williamson, D. D., a distinguished Universalist author and divine, and one of the fathers of Odd Fellowship in America, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday afternoon, aged 70.

The jury in the case of Martinez against Del Valle, a New York breach of promise case, in which the complainant claims \$50,000 damages, brought in a verdict for plaintiff, assessing damages at \$50.

Last Friday night, six masked burglars entered the house of R. D. Winney, in Northumberland, Saratoga county, bound and gagged the occupants, and carried away \$300. On Sunday morning, four masked burglars entered the house of Benjamin Slade, near Wallingford, Saratoga county, and obtained \$400 in the same manner as above described.

Mayor Wickham has nominated James S. Thayer for comptroller of New York.

Four persons perished in a fire at Chicago, Monday.

The South Carolina returning board have been released from prison by a writ of habeas corpus, issued by a United States court.

James Whiteside, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, is dead.

Famine is spreading in India.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is opposing the French government's religious policy, to make capital for himself and a prospective monarchy.

Miss Sarah D. Van Wager, an orphan 18 years of age, niece of William A. Davies, president of the Farmers' & Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie, died Nov. 26th, from terrible burns accidentally received in her room Saturday evening. Her clothing caught fire from a half-burned match or from a fragment of letter partially burned.

In the billiard tournament in New York, Monday, Slosson beat Joe Dion 300 to 298; Rudolph beat Daly 300 to 122, and Garnier beat Shafer 300 to 197.

D. D. Bullock is warned by an anonymous letter to leave Buffalo in ten days or die. He says he can't wind up his business in that time, but will give \$500 for the identification of the cowardly wretch who wrote him the letter.

DEATHS.

—It is reported that a marriage is arranged between

—In another column will be found a card of Chas. Beebe.

—Mr. C. A. Gillett is teaching school in North Huron, Wayne County, N. Y.

—The centennial commissioners awarded the Oswego Milling Company a medal on graham flour.

—The New York State Dairymen's Association is to meet in Elmira on the second Wednesday in December.

—Peter Lappin, aged 69, died at Oswego, Friday. He was formerly a member of the Board of Supervisors.

—Rev. E. Phillips, of Pulaski, is temporarily filling the pulpit of the Baptist church in Hannibal.

—Messrs. Cole and Wierick have traded the Empire Hotel with B. and G. W. Pratt for their farm in Hastings.

—Miss Clara Woodbury, who has taught in No. 9, was presented with a handsome gold pen by her pupils last Friday. We are very glad her labors are appreciated. She will teach the winter term of that school.

—The Board of Directors of the Creedmoor Rifle Association have listened to the appeal of the 48th regiment of Oswego, in the matter of the filed rights, and decided the matter against the regiment.

—A talk will be given to children, at the Methodist church, in this village, next Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock precisely. All the children in the village are invited to be present. Let there be a large attendance. Remember the time—four o'clock.

—C. W. Brackett has bought William Hall's barber shop. Mr. Brackett is already refitting the shop, and he informs us that he purposes keeping a first-class barber, and that it will be his endeavor to please all who patronize him.

—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that C. P. Whipple has purchased H. M. Bard's Furniture Store. Mr. Whipple is an active, energetic young man, and we wish him much success in his new business. He will be glad to have all his old friends give him a call, and many new ones.

The Academy Exhibition.

Last Friday evening the Presbyterian Church was filled by a large and appreciative audience to listen to declamations and recitations given by the scholars of our Academy. One feature that contributed much towards making it a success was that each one could be understood in all parts of the house. Being one of those occasions where all do so well, it would be doing an injustice to mention any one in particular. The following is the programme:

Musie.
Prayer.
Music.
Extract from Magoon, Strong M. Bennett.

The Bridge of Sighs, Cora B. Becker.
Extract from Wirt, Fred E. French.
The Drummer Boy's Burial, Madalia S. Howard.
Music.

Extract from Kellogg, Frank B. Johnson.
Genevra, Mary E. French.

Extract from Curtis, Nicholas Knight.
The Fiery Cross of Clan-Alpine, Adell E. Miller.
Music.

Extract from Beecher, G. Ernest Lindsay.

Death of Arthur, Mary P. Paine.
Extract from Mesinger, Fred W. Pettit.

Musie.
Anonymous Extract, Ernest L. Sampson.

The Philosopher's Scales, Fannie S. Plumley.

Extract from Dickens, Elmer H. Loomis.

Mrs. A. M. Parker presided at the organ, and the music being under her direction, of course was excellent. The singing was by Messrs C. B. Becker and Mary Bennett, and Messrs S. M. Bennett, J. King and C. Walworth, who acquitted themselves well.

On the platform was a fine collection of plants.

For many years previous to the coming of Prof. Havens, attention was given to mathematics, classics, and sciences almost to the exclusion of oratorical training. Weekly "rhetorical exercises" were held, to be sure, then as now. Essays were written and read and declamations delivered. But there was not much interest manifested by either teacher or pupil. We observe that in this direction a "new departure" has been made. The establishing of essay prizes two years ago, and the occasional public exhibition given within that time, have resulted in a noticeable improvement, both in speaking and writing among the students. The participants in the exhibition given on Friday evening are to be congratulated as a unit upon their success. If we except some faults of manner, due to embarrassment rather than to ignorance of right, there is little deserving of public criticism. Well may Mexico be proud of the Academy that is situated within her borders.

Teachers' Associations.

The District Association for the 3d Commissioner's District, will be held at Holmesville, Dec. 15th and 16th, 1876.

PROGRAMME.

Saturday morning, 9:15 to 9:30—Opening exercises.

9:30 to 10:15—Reading, S. R. Trumbull.

10:15 to 11—Arithmetic, Robert Baker.

11 to 11:15—Intermission.

11:15 to 12—Drawing, Mrs. Mary Calkins.

After

Slovenly Grammar.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how pretty she may be or how attractive in outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says "Good mornin'" and "Good evenin'." Suppose she comes, like the Queen of Sheba, "with a very great train," and fail to put objectives after her prepositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants and says "Lemme go," "A good 'eal," "Firs rate," "Han'me that blottin' paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of your sweetheart, your own special beloved one, that she resolutely declined young Phitkins' invitation to the theatre, but when the artless maid half closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he comes for me in a golden chariot I wouldn't have went," you do not feel so comfortable, so negligently at ease, as you were before that last remark of Araminta's. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncouth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words correctly himself, but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workingmen hang upon the lips of an orator! Of his meaning they know little or nothing, but the "energy, number and cadence," they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear.—*Kenesaw Gazette.*

She led him to a sofa, and in a deep bass voice called upon her soul's idol, and inquired what his monthly income was. Seeing his gaze fixed on her bosom-constrictor-like mouth, she remarked: "Darling, I see you notice my large and beautiful potato-trap; let me explain to you the reason of its unusual size. When I was quite a child I was playing on papa's cellar door; it gave way; I was precipitated down into the basement and caught by the mouth on a projecting meat-hook, which ripped up my face and extended my mouth several inches." With his eyes full of sympathetic tears he rose from the sofa, and replied, as he made toward the door, "My angel, you are perhaps mistaken. Probably, in the excitement of that awful moment, you left your mouth down in the basement, and accidentally brought up the cellar. We shall meet again in a better world. Adieu."

When Lord Dufferin was traveling in Egypt he was accompanied by Wilson, a servant of a melancholy temperament, who was given to phrases of dolorous import. One day at Thebes he was lying in his berth prostrate with a feverish attack, when suddenly Wilson entered the cabin and proclaimed, in hollow tones: "If you please, my lord, the corpse is come aboard," by which dignified but depressing title he was pleased to designate a mummy which Lord Dufferin's attendants had just brought down from a rock temple discovered by Linex's discovery.

When a Chicago girl received a dispatch from Wisconsin announcing that her lover was going off with consumption, she telegraphed to his friend: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back: "Policy for \$10,000 in your favor is paid up till May, 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey can not last after the first cold snap." The young lady then wondered philosophically how she would look in black, and telegraphed to Jeffrey:

"Darling, I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life. Lurline."

"It will be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother.

"Yes, ma," sobbed the girl, "but the loss is fully covered by insurance."

A Hartford clergyman went to a livery stable recently to get a team. While waiting for it to be harnessed he pulled off his coat and sat down on a convenient chair. A doctor came for his horse, and seeing the parson in his shirt-sleeves, remarked facetiously: "You are the man I want. I should like to get you to help me about hayin'." The parson said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I can't pitch, and I can't mow; but perhaps I can rake after you—I am just about to attend a funeral."

An Irishman being a little fuddled was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belaf'e y'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the Widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she believes I'll never pay yer; and faith that's my be-af'e too."

When you wish to know about the new fall fashions for Ladies' Saques, Cloaks, &c., go to Stone, Robinson & Co. where they keep themselves posted.

She Counted Them.

"There are exactly seven real gentlemen in this audience," observed a Chicago young lady to her escort, as he came back to his seat smiling and chewing on a clove, between the acts, at the opera one night this week.

"How do you arrive at so definite a number?" he softly inquired, as he dropped into his seat.

"By simply counting them," replied she roguishly; "when the curtain dropped last time, I counted all who didn't have to go out to 'see a man!'"

The young man started, hemmed, and seemed very anxious to have the next part of the evening's performance start in.—*Chicago Journal.*

Papers with "patent outside" have been declared by courts, both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to be not proper mediums for the publication of legal advertisements, inasmuch as they are not printed "in the county" in which the interest affected by such advertising exists.

Real Estate Sales.

Thos. W. Green to Mrs. Caroline Van Antwerp, land in Hastings, \$1. Aug., 1876.

O. A. Rice to James M. Ballou, land in Albion, \$100. June, 1872. Maggie M. Fandler to Ellen Quackenbush, land in Albion, \$600. April, 1876.

George Balcom to Virgil Green, land in Redfield, \$80. Oct., 1875. Theresia Breakhamer to Sarah J. Henn, land in Hastings, \$700. Oct., 1876.

Mary C. Besanson to Theresia Breakhamer, land in Hastings, \$800. April, 1875.

Mary Kitts to Joseph George, Jr., land in Hastings, \$725. March, 1874.

Charlotte R. Horton to J. Benjamin Denault, et al., land in Albion, \$306.50. Nov., 1876.

Varnam Smith to Anna Nichols, land in Albion, \$1,000. Dec., 1872. Ogilvie H. Tuller to Randolph Tripp, land in Palermo, \$3,300. Nov., 1876.

Randolph Tripp to Ogilvie H. Tuller, land in Palermo, \$2,500. Nov., 1876.

Abigail Babcock to Jane Murphy, land in Albion, \$25. June, 1874.

Emma N. Beebe, et al., to John Driggs, lot in Mexico, \$300. November, 1876.

Betsy Stevens, et al., to C. D. Walk-up, land in Hastings, \$1. October, 1876.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE
Linen and House Furnishing Goods at MILTON S. PRICES.

I shall inaugurate this MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13th, my great annual special sale of Bleached and Brown Linens, Napkins, Doyle's Damask and Huckabuck Towels.

Turkey Red Tablings, &c. Together with a full line of rich Marseilles Quilts, Rose Blankets, &c.

Double Fold Sheetings, Linen Sheetings, Pillow Cotton and Linens.

A great drive, 5,000 extra 11 Crochet Quilts, only \$1.25 each, worth \$2 each.

Real Lace Curtains, Nottingham Laces and All Kinds Upholstery Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c.

This is a rare chance for housekeepers and hotel keepers, to supply themselves with these necessities at a great saving from my former low prices.

Please examine these great bargains, at Milton S. Price's Mammoth Store, 38 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse.

Drawing of Jurors.

The following petit jurors have been drawn for the County Court and Court of Sessions which will meet in Oswego, December 4. There is no grand jury for this court:

DeWitt Simmons, Fayette Tolo, Alanson B. Ingersoll, Franklin F. Clark, Palermo; William Silver, James Delong, John Fox, Reuben D. Sheldon, Schroppe; S. M. Dubois, John B. Sewell, Daniel Congdon, Scriba; Reuben Morris, Rowland Clark, Eliza Hyde, Burnes Case, Granby; Samuel Hall, Jarad Blackeslee, Hannibal; William Adams, Reuben Everts, John Schenmerhorn, New Haven; Edward Coy, Daniel O'Connor, Harman Timerson, Fred. Daushley, Thomas Hart, Edward R. Weed, Wm. Barker, George Skinner, John N. Collins, Joseph Lee, Nicholas Sanis, H. B. Doolittle, Oswego city; Martin Van Buren, Cyrus Howard, James Stevens, Eber Gardner, Volney.

The Pulaski Democrat says the residence of Wm. Rockefeller, of Holmesville, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening of last week. The fire originated up stairs, and only a part of the furniture could be saved. Mrs. Burton, a daughter of Mr. R., lost a gold watch and \$90 in money. Loss not stated. Insurance, \$1,600.

Farmers and others, please remember that you can find a superior lot of Horse Blankets at J. T. Brown's Harness Shop, and that he is bound to sell them very cheap—cheaper than ever before; and he wants you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

Good Japan Tea 35 cents per pound, or three pounds for \$1, at n3. WHYBORN'S.

PALERMO.

Yesterday the funeral of Mrs. Harriet Burdick was attended at Sayle's Corners, the Rev. Judson Davis officiating. Mrs. Burdick had long been a resident of our town, and the large concourse of friends who assembled to pay their last respects, well testified the high appreciation and regard in which she was held. There, with the chill winds and the rustling leaves of autumn, we paid our last respects.

"Where the faded flowers shall freshen, Freshen never more to fade, Where the shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten never more to shade, Where the sun-blaze never scorches, Where the star-beams cease to chill, Where no tempest stirs the echo Of the wood, or wave, or hill."

It is to be deeply regretted that persons who want to be called gentlemen, indulge in tormenting a poor, unfortunate person who has not the reason or ability for self-support. Remember all are liable to misfortune of one kind or another, and we may hereafter, somewhere in our life journey, wish we had let the Golden Rule triumph, rather than an inclination for cruel sport when we met the weak specimens of our own race.

For one word of kindly praise Is worth a torrent of abuse.

Duck shooting has been a favorite sport along the Cattlet creek this fall, and some of the sportsmen have been quite successful in bagging the aquatic fowls.

Yu No. Palermo, Nov. 20, 1876.

Fulton has a course of twelve (home talent) lectures.

The most stylish wedding cards this season are those with monograms.

The New Haven M. E. church has had a present—a nice Bible and hymn book.

Joseph Roharge, while chopping in the woods one day last week, slipped, and fell upon his axe, inflicting an ugly wound in the side of his neck, below the ear.

The only man in whom we take an absorbing interest now is the one who is troubled with a surplus of Thanksgiving turkeys.—*Easton Free Press.*

Rev. Frank N. Greeley has been engaged by the Congregationalists of Orwell to preach to them at the Union Church on alternate Sabbaths.

Charley Beebe has "hung out his shingle," and opened a law office in Morse & Irish's insurance office. He has our best wishes for his success.

The meetings at the M. E. Church, which are held morning, afternoon and evening, are well attended and increasing in interest.

Turkeys are studying mental arithmetic now-a-days, and counting their toes to find out how many days will elapse before Thanksgiving.

Frank Estes, of Adams, for many years conductor on the R. W. & O. R.R., died Saturday morning.

Ralph Sherman, of Pulaski, a hay press operator, while scuffling last Friday, fell and broke his left leg above the ankle.

There was a leap year party at H. H. Dolson's a few evenings since. It is needless to state that all had a good time.

Oswego is jubilant over the fact that the case of the 48th Regiment on "fired sights" is to be reopened. The case is being investigated to-day (Thursday), at the State Arsenal in New York.

This is the season of the genuine Indian Summer. It is supposed to have been originated by Pocatontas, for the purpose of giving the average citizen a chance to put off buying his overcoat until after he got paid for his vote.—*Fulton Times.*

One afternoon last week Mrs. C. B. Thompson was surprised by her Sunday-school class, who invaded her house, and proceeded to make themselves and her comfortable. They brought good things to eat, spent the afternoon and evening, had a good time, and departing, left behind them not exactly "footprints on the sands of time," but upwards of eleven dollars in hard cash, as a slight token of their appreciation of her worth and works.

We hope a large audience will assemble to hear the recitations and declamations given in the Presbyterian church, to-morrow (Friday) evening, by the members of the graduating class of '77. Teachers and pupils have spared no pains in preparation, and we doubt not the exhibition will be a most excellent one. Show by your presence that you appreciate their efforts to entertain you.

LADIES' SAQUES.

LADIES! Please take notice that we now have on hand Ladies Saques of the new fall styles, and are prepared to manufacture Saques and Cloaks of the latest patterns. We have a good assortment of plain and fur beaver, Drap-de-ete and Cashmeres, and the trimming suitable to the times. We can cut your saques in any style you may wish, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in style and workmanship. With years of experience we feel confident that we can give our customers all the information they will want in regard to styles of cut, trimming, &c.

We have had a good deal of experience in cutting over old garments, and will give information free.

While in New York and Philadelphia we informed ourselves as to the most fashionable and practical leading styles, and would invite your careful inspection before purchasing, and believe we can make it to your interest to do so.

STONE, ROBINSON & Co. Oct. 25, 1876. 52

REMARKABLE REMEDY!

Cheiroline,

For the Cure of Chapped Lips and Hands and all Irritation of the Skin.

SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PREPARATION!

IT ALWAYS CURES.

1876. FALL EXHIBIT. 1876

JOHN J. HART,

OSWEGO,

has the pleasure of introducing

REFORM

IN THE

Dry Goods Trade,

BY OFFERING FOR CASH

BARGAINS

in all the Departments of his

IMMENSE STOCK.

DRE S GOODS

n all the Latest Novelties.

SILKS—Black and Colored,

Suited to the wants of the most economical and fastidious.

HAWLS,

of the Best Makes, in SCOTCH, ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN fabrics.

CLOAKS and SACQUES,

a Very Desirable Stock, in the Latest Fashions.

FUR BEAVERS & CLOAKINGS,

CLOTHS,

the Finest ENGLISH and AMERICAN Goods in the market.

CASSIMERES—A Splendid Stock.

Gentlemen's & Ladies' Knit Goods,

in All Styles made.

FLANNELS,

At the Lowest Price for years.

All Domestic at Bottom Prices

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS, &c.,

Get the

Lowest Rates of This Season.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

GEORGE W. HARRIS

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER

OF THE

Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

{ The Journal } { A Marvel of Deaf- }
for 1876, { Mute Journalism. }

We are over on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

is acceptable to our better class of readers, wide during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS

Of the Deaf-Mute's Journal:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1 50

One copy six months, 75

Clubs of ten, 1 25

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted

Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. 10-ly

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-ly

ORDER OF OCEAN RELIGION

CREATION AND SCIENCE

THE SIX NEW WORKS

P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, 2000).

II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed. Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00

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V.—Rational Dream Book.

VI.—Inner Life Night Thoughts. Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c.

Bound in two vols. \$1.50

"One vol. 1.00

Ten per cent. off to Ministers.

These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Dreamland.

M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send Stamp for Pamphlet—Circulars, &c.

The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Stampy

Post paid, Maine. 10-ly

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL

—For 1876—

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